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July 1893

during the past eleven years, and can now boast of over 33,500 inhabitants. Thousands of new settlers have been flocking into the country, and the fact that there is now scarcely a vacant house in Winnipeg, while new buildings are going up on every side, is conclusive proof that the city is going ahead with rapid strides. She has passed through her years of trial, and gone through the fire of depression and reaction consequent on the collapse of an unnatural and unhealthy real estate boom, and has now emerged from the struggle stronger than ever.

In building improvements, Winnipeg has been keeping pace with its progress in other respects. The era of cheap buildings belongs to the past. The structures put up during the past year, and the numerous ones now in course of erection, are of the most substantial character. The demand for wholesale warehouse room is being met by structures which are a credit to the city architecturally, and compare favorably with the best business blocks of older and larger cities in size, arrangement and perfection of detail. The money value of building improvements during the past six years is as follows:

1887	\$ 300,000
1888	350,000
1889	500,450
1890	650,000
1891	936,000
1892	1,000,000
Total	\$3,736,450

This year the demand for houses is considerably over the supply. The following statement shows pretty clearly the growth of the city during the past twelve months:

	1880.	1892.
Value of City Property	\$ 4,300,000	\$24,000,000
Volume Commercial Business	2,000,000	40,000,000
Bank Capital	10,000,000	40,000,000
Post-office Collect'n and Delivery	900,000	8,000,000
Value Public Improvements	100,000	2,000,000
Tons Coal handled	5,000	100,000
Population	6,173	30,000

	1880.	189
Number of Buildings	1,000	6,000
" Business Houses	55	400
" Factories	16	45
" Churches	8	26
" Schools	5	19
" Banks	4	12
" Newspapers	2	16
Miles of Sidewalk	20	122
" Graded Streets	10	85
" Paved Streets	0	10
" Sewers	2	22
" Water Mains	0	10
" Gas Mains	6	11
" Street Railway	0	9

In conclusion, THE MANITOBA assures its readers that there is not a city on the continent with a healthier business community or a more assured future than Winnipeg.

BLOOD INDIAN SUN DANCE.

TO any who has never seen an Indian Sun Dance it would be of great attraction and interest, and those who have seen them longs to see one again.

Most people familiar with the Blood nation, know them to be sun worshipper's, and that the sun dance is their yearly thanks offering to their God, the sun. After the big men of the tribe decide upon a site, everyone is either on the move or preparing to follow those gone before. They have a happy go lucky way of lumping Sundays, so to speak, for counting in days spent in preparation it generally lasts about three weeks, commencing somewhere about the middle of June, or so soon as the service berries are ripe. Here they come, first the bucks, riding along ahead like gentlemen, then the squaws come straggling along with all their worldly possessions, consisting of tepee plow, travoies, paposio, old blankets, little grub, dogs and a few colts, whose mothers are unfortunate enough to be loaded with a travoie, squaw in the saddle riding behind the cross sticks, behind her a young daughter, in the pocket of the travoie two or three papooses. On they come, and as

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the day approaches, the whole country about resembles an ant hill when some one is watching it.

The place usually selected will be on the bench land close to wood and water, and sometimes outside the limit of their reservation.

After a goodly number of camps have gathered about the appointed place, the great lodge is commenced. This is built generally thirty feet in diameter and consists generally of green trees untrimmed. First a hole is dug in the ground, "an awful contract for Indians," then the largest tree to be found within easy distance of the camp is cut down, hauled and the stump end placed in the hole. An outer wall is then made with many smaller ones, but standing at regular distances good straight ones are placed, from these to the large centre piece rafters are strung, then the whole is covered with green foliage, making it present a striking appearance and resembling somewhat a large summer house; a large door way is left open on the east side, facing the rising sun. One particularity is noticeable when they are engaged hauling the fallen trees for the sun lodge; three or four well mounted bucks will drop their lariat over the stump end, haul in the slack, take a few turns with the rope around the horn of the saddle, then off they go, legs going, arms flying, laughing, shouting, yelling, followed by a number of others who discharge numerous shots among the leaves of the fallen tree and in the air, to drive away, as one of their number told us, "the devil." After placing that one in position they return and the same is repeated many times till the whole is complete.

If I remember right, the first part of the dance is the presenting of six virgins, by the head chief to the sun as a token of the moral standing of the tribe generally, this takes up con-

siderable time, and resembles an old time theological sermon, void of interest. Then follows the making of braves; only those who successfully pass through this ordeal can take a place among the braves of the nation, should they fail or faint they are squaws and not suited to associate with men of his council. Only one brave is made at a time; he by a pre-arranged plan makes his way to a place among the braves of the nation occupied by the medicine men who perform the transformation act. While this is going on they are all hidden from view.

Suddenly the candidate for honors appears on the scene, a most perfect demon, painted most hideously. "Each aspirant wears different colors," perhaps in a deadly white with large black and red stripes along each rib, his face a net work of colors, green, yellow and red, eyes like a hyena, mouth like a clown, nose a decorated one, you can see plenty like it anywhere: his legs are ornamented with perpendicular stripes with fancy artistic touches about the ankles and knee joints, add to this a head of long shaggy hair and you have him; except for the paint he is almost as nude as the day he was born a papoose. On each side of the breast can be seen two scratch like cuts, passing under the skin, through these a skewer, and between the shoulder blades a similar cut and skewer are seen.

From the centre pole hangs two light ropes, a loop at the end of each. These loops are placed over the skewer's on the breast, then a large turtle shell is hung by a cord from the skewer on the back between the shoulder blades; after these preliminaries a whistle is placed in his mouth and the tom-tom's strike up, then the young man's father, friend or relative steps forward and every sound is silenced, when he in a continued flow

of native eloquence relates much of this young man's past and predicts his future, tells of his brave ancestors and their deeds, ending by calling upon the Great Spirit to look after and protect him always.

And now to business after this send off. The tom-tom beaters, four in number, occupy the south side of the lodge, start the ball again rolling, the whistle placed in the young man's mouth keeping time with them, his feet rising and falling to the time of the tom-tom, gradually creeps closer the centre pole while the head slowly sinks to the rear, till the body reaches an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the whole weight of his body is supported by the two particles of skin under which the skewers pass; and now the dance in earnest begins, he hopping up and down to the time of the tom-tom moves along in a quarter circle, and the skin on the breast is stretched away out from the flesh like a piece of elastic. All this time he keeps up the same bob and as well is obliged to resound on his whistle to every tap of their drums, on he goes, tom, tom, tom, tom, toot, toot, toot, toot, will he ever fall; down goes the turtle shell, the continued strain of its weight has broken away from the skin, still on he goes; one begins to wonder what kind of a hide this youth possesses, when suddenly down he goes, while hanging from the place where the skewers occupied, is lacerated skin and torn flesh, bleeding freely, this trickling down over his painted carcass. It's but a second he remains on the ground, for with a bound like a jumping deer, he is on his feet and strides majestically away to take a place among the fighting men of his nation.

Just as this act came to a close one of the scouts came and told us of one who would shortly pay a promised vow to the sun for its care and good-

ness to him when in danger, so we strolled over in his direction to the west of the great lodge.

This man possesses two names "Prairie Chicken Old Man" or "Following Person." Indians are strangely named. I believe it is their habit when about to name a child just to step out of the lodge and the first object that the eye rests upon is the name; for instance, take this man's name, the one who named him upon stepping out caught sight of a prairie chicken and an old man at the same time, with the result "Prairie Chicken Old Man," the second time he was named I presume the first seen was one man following another, consequently "Following Person," but to continue, it appears that the man in question had been over in Montana, U.S., on a horse stealing expedition against their old enemies the Gros Ventres; they had no difficulty in running off with a few ponies, but were overtaken by their enemies and of course the question of owners was not settled by arbitration. During the skirmish that followed our friend found himself pretty well corralled, and the only avenue of escape was blocked by a Gros Ventres, here he offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit, promising that if he would aid him to escape, he, while the sun dance was going on, would present him with his little finger in return for his assistance. Shortly after making this offer an opportunity presented itself for raising himself up from behind a stump, saw his opponent crouched close to earth on the other side, quietly and quickly he placed the muzzle of his rifle within an inch of his enemy's head, raised the blockade and caused Mr. Gros Ventres to "get a jersey" on for the happy hunting grounds; in a very short time, "Prairie Chicken Old Man" was safe among his friends.

And now he's about to pay the vow

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INDIANS PREPARING TO ATTEND SUN DANCE.

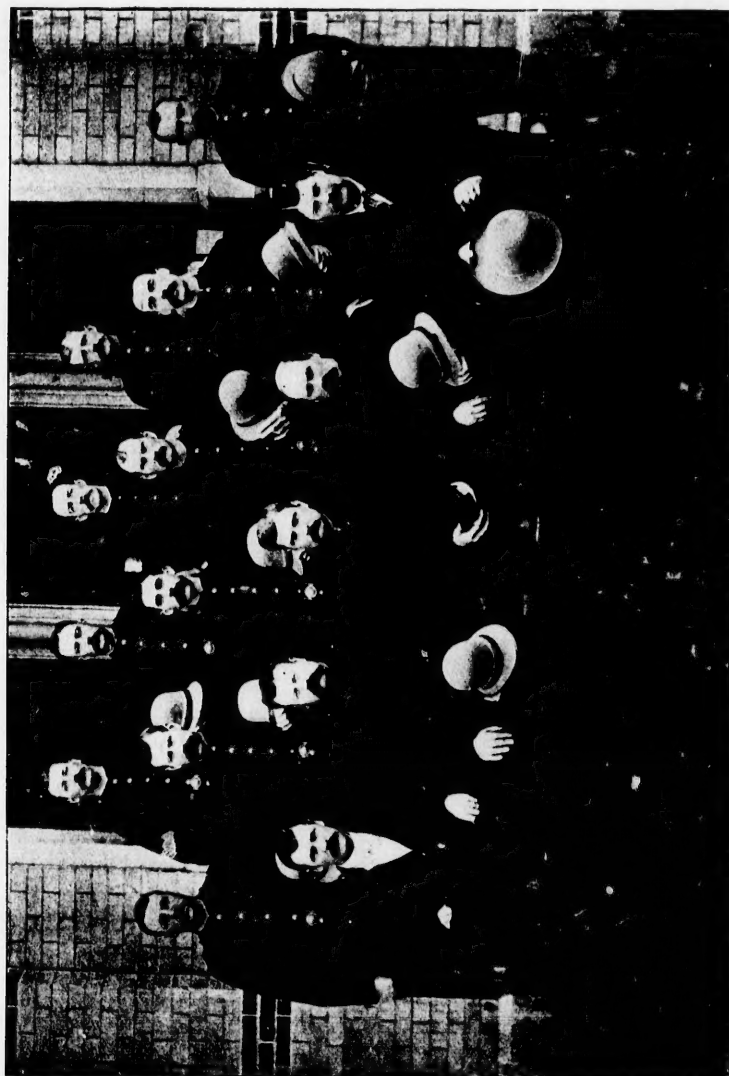
See page 192.



From Photograph.

See page 159.

MANITOBA EXPERIMENTAL FARM—SHOWING A FIELD OF OATS.



Photograph by Mitchell.

George McLeod, J. Leach, Detective,
Warren W. Beggs.

W. Blair,
W. Blair.

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WINNIPEG POLICE FORCE

A. McCharles, Sergt.
E. Elliott, W. Dunn.

A. Munroe, Detective,
E. McCallum, G. W. Elliott.

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just think of it, an Indian, surpassing the civilized generation of to-day, for it is pretty sure betting to bet on a white man similarly situated, possessing a better education and promising less, forgetting all about the vow as soon as the danger was passed.

A very ancient looking squaw, age, anywhere from sixty to a hundred years old, headed the procession, taking the part of superintendent in general, assembling those who followed close to the sun lodge. She produced thigh and arm bone of some great medicine man, placing the thigh bone on the ground she directed "Prairie Chicken Old Man" to lay the finger upon this, turning about and mumbling all this time she produced from among many pieces of old clothing the original of all knives made from a barrel hoop and sharp as a razor. Placing this upon the first joint of his little finger she commenced a long prayer to the sun, all this time brandishing the humerus and making many false blows in the direction of the knife, she prolonged the agony as long as possible, and just when no one expected such a thing, not even herself to judge from her half look of astonishment, down came the arm bone and off went the finger. There was no more change in the expression of the Indian's face than there is on the face of a stone wall.

The amputated part was picked up, placed in some pieces of cotton and given to a boy, he following the instructions given, climbs up to the top of the centre pole of the sun lodge and ties it upon the top of the highest branches there, so that it stands above any offering given the sun.

Mrs. Tippyack turns and spreads a blackish mixture made from herbs over the wound, upon this the crowd breaks up, "Prairie Chicken Old Man" slowly walks over to his

tepee, seats himself comfortably, one of his squaws hand him a pipe, from this he takes a few puffs, then passes it around, and while it was passing he related the explanation already given for his sacrifice.

G. E. D. ELLIOTT.

THE WAY TO EUROPE.

TRANSPORTATION is the problem for Canada, says a Montreal grain dealer in a pamphlet on the subject recently published. The cheapening of transportation for farm products from our prairie to the markets of the world is a matter of prime necessity to our population, says the President of the International Reciprocity Association. We who have lived in the Northwest long enough to study its conditions know that to us at least this question surpasses in interest even that of the tariff, although for obvious and natural reasons the latter is uppermost just at present. What shall it profit us though our people be given a reduction of ten, fifteen or twenty per cent. of the customs duties on articles of necessary consumption, if they are to continue to pay nearly the price of one bushel of wheat to get another bushel to market? If the transportation problem which faces us can be solved in such a way as to add ten, eight, or even five cents to the price of that bushel, the gain to our people will be greater than any they can hope to obtain through a reduction of the tariff. It is estimated that last year the province of Manitoba produced, roughly, 14,000,000 bushels of wheat. Taking this one product, and leaving out of our present consideration all others that would be favorably affected in a proportionate degree by such improved means of transportation as we hope to be within

WINNIPEG POLICE FORCE.

Philip Stark,
A. Munroe, Detective,
E. McGuire, G. W. Elliott,
A. McCharles, Sergt.,
J. C. McKee, Chief,
B. Stewart, W. Ingram, E. J. Elliott,
W. Blair,
W. Murray, Sergt.,
George McLeod,
Warren W. Bees,
Photograph by Mitchell.